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Isabel Howe Fiske

I know not if he slept at all,
My man across the sea.
I do not know if he will fall
Or come back safe to me.

He has my heart. That is my share,
My bit, that I have sent out there.

Isabel Howe Fiske

RAINY DAYS

Gray hills, gray clouds, gray faces at the pane,
Gray hearts that long for sunshine and blue skies,
The ceaseless rattle of the wind-born rain
Against bleak pavements! All the roadway lies
Sodden and glimmering with slow spreading streams
Storm-beaten into dullness and pale gray.
The hurrying footfall as it passes seems
Half deadened by the falling rain. Away
In the drab distance looms the murmuring town,
Cloaked in vague outline, misty and half seen;
Its own lights hanging over it like a crown,
Pale in the waning afternoon. How keen
The wind that moans away its chilling flight!
Gray days, gray hearts—gray hurrying down of night!

Shirley Harvey